

Copenhagen Soap-Opera Edition

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD

DIY HARDCOREPUNK
CRUST/ANARCHO/THRASH/ETC
POLITICAL/PERSONAL WRITINGS

ISSUE No. 5

WELCOME TO KKK-TOWN

THIS ISSUE:

MARTYRDÖD

DOOMTOWN

QUEER POLITICS

RANDOM BITTERNESS & DISGUST

WHY BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN PEOPLE

ZINE/RECORD REVIEWS

FEMINIST SEMANTICS



Hello fuckers & welcome to #5 of my zine.

As stated on the cover, the focus of this issue is on the Copenhagen punk scene & my problems with it. I've been living here over 2 years now and I've decided it's time to move on, so I'm going back to Ireland in September for about 8 months to complete my University degree, after I spend the summer travelling in Europe. After that I guess I'll move somewhere new.

Hopefully the content of this zine will communicate to my friends here some sort of understanding about why I've become so reclusive & antisocial over the last 6 months or so. The reason for writing all this is to promote communication, thought & discussion about some things people here seem to take for granted, and not simply to piss people off (which is just an added bonus). Remember this before you start moaning & whining & ban me from punk or whatever.

The cover of the zine is purposefully provocative, and in reality I want to see Ungdomshuset last forever, but it's a reflection of how I sometimes feel about the place, and also what I see a lot of the people involved there as doing through their actions & attitudes. If City Hall doesn't destroy Ungdomshuset, then the people involved in the place should fucking grow up before they do it themselves. Recognise your privilege.

I've never been much of a one for such a thing, but this place is just far too important & unique; people need to set their differences aside and fight to preserve it. Where's the fucking unity?

I heard that certain people from the queer scene don't like me & don't want me involved in their shit because I'm "too provocative". AMAZING!! This is the best thing anyone's ever said about me - thanks! If anyone has a problem with anything I've written here, then don't be a coward & just say it to me (or write to me & I'll probably print it in the next issue). I'll justify anything I've written, and as long as you're reasonable & fair with me, I'll be the same with you, no matter if we disagree.

The whole zine isn't exactly as I wanted it to be, as usual due to time ~~time~~ limitations.

I did an interview with Bolt Thrower when they played here in April which was supposed to be in this, and also more zine & record reviews. These would

have taken far too long to type & lay-out properly, and I'm not all that satisfied with a lot of the lay-out as it is, but I've got no more time left. I'm leaving to tour with Assassiators next week

& then off travelling, and I can print this for free in the school I used to work in (read all about it later on) if I do it before K-Town Fest, so I decided to leave the other stuff out & just get it done, making this the shortest ever issue of this zine.

It occurred to me that too much of this zine's content is bitter, negative or cynical, and I nearly scrapped the whole thing a few days ago. I decided not to at the last minute because I believe what I've written is still valid, even though it's very much from a personal perspective.

Other issues of the zine have been very positive, optimistic & encouraging of peoples' activities in their focus.

Bitterness & disappointment are a fact of life & there's no point ignoring it 'cos that shit is just as real as anything else. If you don't get the (admittedly quite reactionary & distasteful) jokes & irony spread

throughout the zine, then get in touch & I'll buy you a sense of humour. I just want to emphasise that even though I've come to feel this way, I was the happiest I've been for a long time for the first

year & a half I lived here, and I've made a lot of really amazing friends, many of whom I hope will stay my friends for the rest of my life, just as my time here will stay with me, for better or for worse. I hope to continue with the bands I'm in here

& intend to be a regular visitor to the city in the future, and of course I'd love to have my friends come & visit me wherever it is I'm living after

the summer. Despite everything, there's still a handful of true friends in my life who get me through the worst, accept me as I am, and treat me as I feel I ought to be treated, whether it's with a kick up the arse, a shoulder to lean on, or just

some words of encouragement & reassurance. As I increasingly lose my trust, confidence & hope in people, if it wasn't for youse it'd be either drugs, suicide or nervous breakdown. Thanks for being yourselves & never let anyone tell you what to do. In particular, this goes out to Anji & Nikolaj especially - it's you 2 who've kept me sane &

hanging on for the past 6 months. To quote Michael Gira, "Love will save you". Yeah, boo-hoo I'm an emo hippy or whatever; to quote G.G., "suck my balls".

- Cormy

June '06.

BTH, c/o CORMY,
45 BEECH HILL DRIVE,
DONNYBROOK, D4,
IRELAND.
razesthestray(a)hotmail.com

*** PLAYLIST ***
FUNERAL / SKITKIDS / CHEAPSKE
AXEGRINDER / HIATUS / SUBHUMAN'S
DEATHREAT / ATROCIOUS MADNESS
KILLED BY FINN HC / SKITSICKERS
DISCONTROL / MARDUK / STRIKEN D.C.
SWANS / BOLT THROWER / NEURONIS
DISGORGE / SACRILEGE / DISCHARGE
ANTI-CIMEX / DEATHSPELL OMEGA



AUGUST



GUIDED CRADLE/INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL - SPLIT 7" REALLY FUCKING GOOD SPLIT FROM 2 OF THE BEST EUROPEAN CRUST BANDS AROUND AT THE MOMENT. BOTH WITH 2 TRACKS, G.C.'S FIRST ONE SOUNDS LIKE MID-PERIOD ANTI-CIMEX MEETS EARLY EXTREME NOISE TERROR, SINGING ABOUT RELIGIOUS OPPRESSION. SOME REALLY FUCKING COOL BREAKS AND GUITAR LEADS (BUT SOME OF THEM ARE KINDA WEIRDLY MIXED). THE SECOND ONE'S EVEN BETTER AND IS POSSIBLY DIRECTED AGAINST THE PHLEGM OF THE SYSTEM, BUT I CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN SINCE MY CZECH IS A TAD RUSTY. BUT IT SORT OF REMINDS ME OF BASTARD AND THAT'S CERTAINLY NO BAD THING. INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL PLAY FUCKING CRUSHING MID/LATE 80'S UK STYLE CRUST. THIS REMINDS ME OF A LOT OF DIFFERENT STUFF, HELLBASTARDE, ETC. EARLY BOLT THROWER, MISERY, AXEGRINDER, EXTINCTION OF MANKIND, EVEN EARLY ENTOMBED IN PLACES, BUT STILL SOUNDS REALLY FRESH AND ORIGINAL. VERY FUCKING NICE. MOSTLY MID-PACED, HEAVY ON THE GUITARS AND WITH REAL FUCKING CLASS IN THE BREAKS, ROLLS AND TIME-CHANGES. REALLY DARK VOCALS, ONE GRUFF, GROWLY, REALLY UK-SOUNDING, THE OTHER GURGLING AND MANIAZZE SHIT. THE LYRICS ARE COOL, DARK AND APOCALYPTIC. CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHAT'S NEXT FROM THIS BAND. THE ARTWORK IS EXCELLENT, AS IS USUALLY THE CASE WITH STEVE FROM V.O.W. ORCS, CORPSES, SKULLS, AXES, SWORDS AND FLAMES - HOW CAN IT GO WRONG? YELLOW DOG RECORDS, PO BOX 550208, 10322 BERLIN, GERMANY.

PISCHRIST - 7" EP.

TURBO DISTORTED D-BEAT CRUST OVERDRIVE! FUCKING RAW CHAOTIC CHARGING NOISE PUNK, THIS IS SO GOOD, SO FUCKING LOUD & RAW. 6 EXCELLENT SONGS FROM THESE MELBOURNE CRUST PUNK URGENT & THRASHING EXIT BUT STILL SO SOLID & ROCKING, REALLY GOOD SIMPLE RIFFS, NICE & LOOSE SOLID D-BEAT AND FUCKING UNHOLY MONSTROUS VOCALS MAKE THIS STAND OUT. REALLY GOOD BREAKS & CHORUSES. THIS SORT OF REMINDS ME OF FRAMTID. GET THIS NOW! PURID FILTH CONSPIRACY, BOX 7092, 200 42 MALMO, SWEDEN.

HJERTESTOP - HÅA FUCK...DET ER HJERTESTOP! 7" EP.

THIS IS THE BEST HARDCORE BAND IN COPENHAGEN RIGHT NOW FOR ME. THIS IS A CAUSTIC MIX OF 80'S U.S. & EUROPEAN HARDCORE WITH ENERGY AND ATTITUDE. 6 SONGS, DOESN'T REMIND ME OF ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR, A TOUCH OF DEAD KENNEDYS OR REAGAN YOUTH BUT JUST WITH SO MANY IDEAS, HOOKS AND INTERPLAY BETWEEN THE INSTRUMENTS & VOCALS THAT IT JUST SOUNDS ORIGINAL AND CLASSIC. SNOTTY OBNOXIOUS VOCALS AND LYRICS, I WAS AFRAID WHEN THE OLD SINGER HERE FINISHED WITH THE BAND THAT IT WOULD SUFFER, BUT THAT'S NOT THE CASE AT ALL. FUCKING COOL TO HEAR A 3-PIECE BAND UNLEASH SO MUCH ENERGY AND CHAOS. KICK'N'PUNCH, PO BOX 604, 2200 KØBENHAVN N, DEN.

SANCTUM - ENSLAVED 7" EP. THIS FUCKING RULES!! 4 SONGS OF RELENTLESSLY CRUSHING BRUTAL CRUST WITH DEATH-METAL STYLINGS, LIKE EARLY BOLT THROWER IN AN EPIC BATTLE WITH DEViated INSTINCT. THE LYRICS PAINT A PICTURE OF THE BLEAK VIOLENT WORLD OF OUR FUTURE & PAST, THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS RECORD IS SO DARK AND OPPRESSIVE. THE GUITARS ARE LIKE SLEDGEHAMMERS TO THE FACE, HEAVY GRINDING WALLS OF NOISE WITH DESPERATE HOARSE VOCALS AND ROLLING, GALLOPING DRUMS. THE SOUND OF 2 DARK ARMIES CLASHING STEEL ON A BLOOD-SOAKED BATTLEFIELD! 2001 BEACON AVE. S, SEATTLE, WA 98118, USA.

SKITKIDS/EXHALE - SPLIT 7" FUCKING SKITKIDS ARRGH OVER-THE-TOP CRUSTY GUITAR ROCK D-BEAT, DRUMS ROLLING THE FUCK OFF OF EVERYTHING AND DERANGED MANIC FUCKING VOCALS. 3 SONGS WITH SWEDISH LYRICS ABOUT FOOD, THE E.U.'S RACIST POLICIES AND BEING POSITIVE. THIS IS LIKE TOTAITAR ON CRACK, WITH CHUCK BERRY ON GUITARS AND 2 DRUMMERS. AMAZING! EXHALE (JAP) PLAY 2 TRACKS OF STRAIGHT-UP THRASHY HC DRUMMERS. NOT SO MIND-BLOWING BUT DECENT HARDCORE ALL THE SAME. WORTH IT FOR THE SKITKIDS LORT. PUTRID FILTH CONSPIRACY, BOX 7092, 20042 MALMO, SWE.

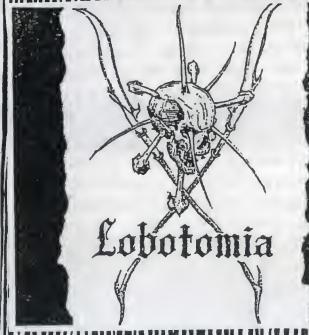
LOBOTOMIA - S/T LP.

ORIGINALLY RECORDED IN 1986, THIS WAS RELEASED ON NEW FACE RECORDS. THANKFULLY, SOMEBODY'S DONE US THE FAVOUR OF MAKING A HIGH QUALITY REPRESS (BOOTLEG?) UNDER THE NAME OF BLACK WATER. THIS IS BAD-ASS POLITICAL BARK BRAZILLIAN PUNK-METAL, SOMETHING LIKE DISCHARGE, CHAOS UK AND DISORDER WITH A SHARPER-EDGED GUITAR METAL FLAVOUR AND GUTTURAL MALE VOCALS. THIS COMBINATION OF REALLY PUNK DRUMS & BASS WITH SOMETHING MORE THRASHY PUNK/METAL GUITARS ISN'T A MILLION MILES AWAY FROM SACRILEGE, BUT THIS IS MORE STRAIGHT-UP PUNK WITH A DISTINCT BRAZILLIAN SOUND. 10 TRACKS WITH INTELLIGENT & ANGRY SOCIO-POLITICAL LYRICS (PORTUGUESE WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS). REALLY DARK, GRIM SOUND, GOOD PRODUCTION, AND EXCELLENT ARTWORK. PO BOX 5223, PORTLAND, OR 97208-5223, USA.

BESTÖVEN - A BOMB RAID INTO YOUR MIND LP.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MIX THE SOUND OF BRAZIL (SUCH AS ABOVE) WITH THE SOUND OF EARLY 80 MID EIGHTIES SCANDANAVIAN RAW PUNK (TRYING TO SOUND LIKE DISCHARGE). AND IT'S FUCKING AMAZING. 16 TRACKS OF FUCKING POWERFUL CLASSIC D-BEAT CHAOS. I'M NOT USUALLY INTO 1-PERSON BANDS (FOFAO PLAYS ALL THE INSTRUMENTS ON ALL EXCEPT 5 OF THESE TRACKS, THOSE 5 HAVE A DIFFERENT GUITAR PLAYER), BUT THIS IS JUST SO GOOD THAT I DON'T CARE. IT'S GOT A UNITY OF SOUND & DEDICATION TO A CERTAIN STYLE THAT REALLY BENEFITS FROM THE EXACT SYNCHRONISATION OF BASS & DRUMS, CRUX GUITAR & VOCALS, WHICH IS RARELY HEARD IN THE RAW PUNK BANDS OF TODAY. THE SOUND IS PERFECT, RAW BLOWN OUT DISTORTION ON SHARP CUTTING GUITARS, SOLID BASS POUNDING AND THICK, SOLID DRUMS. THE VOCALS ARE SHOUTED/SUNG, WITH PRONUNCIATION OF THE ENGLISH LYRICS SOUNDING FUCKING COOL, AND WITH ALL THE KIR LYRICS IN BOTH PORTUGUESE AND ENGLISH, WHICH IS PRETTY GOOD SINCE THE CHORUSES ARE SO GOOD THAT YOU'LL WANT TO SHOUT ALONG, AND KNOW WHAT THE FUCK IT IS YOU'RE SCREAMING.

THE LYRICS ARE EXCELLENT, THOUGH I PREFER THOSE OF THE DARKER, MORE HORROR STYLE TO THE STANDARD WAR TEXTS. THERE'S SOME AWESOME GUITAR LEADS, STRAIGHT FROM THE ANTI-CIMEX/SKITSLICKERS/CRUDE SS SONGS NEVER WRITTEN. AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE ARTWORK & AESTHETIC IS SO FUCKING COOL, DARK EVIL FUCKING WARCRUST. THIS IS A COMPILATION OF THE TRACKS FROM THE "MORE VICTIMS OF WAR" & "JUST ANOTHER WARSONG" EPS + TRACKS FROM "THE TIME OF HELL" & "TRIBUTO AO A.R.D." COMPILATIONS. IF YOU DON'T ALREADY HAVE EM, THEN DON'T DEPRIVE YOURSELF ANY LONGER. CAIXA POSTAL 8120, GAMA, DF, CEP: 72401-970, BRAZIL.



A BOSS IS A BOSS IS A BOSS

05/03/06

It's 2 days since I was fired from my job? I'm pissed off as fuck about it. I'd been working for 7 months straight with a few short holidays, Aug '05 to March '06, as a chef in the kitchen of an alternative libertarian [redacted] high school here where I live in Nørrebro, the North side of Copenhagen.

All the food we cooked was vegan & organic-ingredients only, I'd been hired the previous June after a couple weeks trial-period to see if they wanted me. So I was therefore able to get permission to stay in Denmark, have an income which allowed me to have a place to live, play with my bands and save money to go travelling from Summer 2006. This was pretty strange and new for me -I had a job I actually liked, getting paid decently enough, 25 hours a week, with other punks [redacted] who were [redacted] my friends.

And then on Friday completely out of the blue I get fired by the boss. Apparently I don't work fast enough -the first I'd ever heard about it. The previous month we'd had a meeting because the boss had some problems with me. She thought I was taking too many days off to do with band and music-related stuff & that I was late too often. I was a bit taken-aback since she'd said nothing before, and when I began working there I specifically asked about how it would be for me to take time off occasionally

for touring and so on, for which I would organise someone to work instead of me, and was told that was no problem at all. I took one week off in November for a UK tour, a half-day to go play a festival in Germany in January, another 3 days when my girlfriend came to visit from London, and 1 day off for recording an EP in February. So, I said fair enough, I

hadn't realised it was a problem, but I could re-organise it, and in regards to the being 5-15 mins late in the mornings (maybe 2 or 3 days a week), well I often stayed an extra 10 mins to half an hour once or twice a week when it was necessary (making a cake, preparing bread for the next day, whatever), didn't mind when others took cigarette breaks, usually

stayed in the kitchen instead of taking a lunch break to help with serving, and basically just thought that no-one had a problem with it. But I said that I was sorry and that it wouldn't happen again and it didn't, for the next month after that I was early every morning.

It was a problem to the boss that I didn't feel like staying after hours (unpaid) on Fridays to make the order for the following week with her (she was paid a fixed wage, better than ours, which included such responsibilities). I responded that I'd had a lot more interest in helping with the order, planning the menu, etc at the start of the year but had gradually gotten tired of the fact that most things I suggested for the menu she

didn't want to make or considered too expensive (we charged almost nothing for the food, 2 to 3 euros for a massive plate of a main course and salads, you'd pay 4 or 5 times that anywhere else in the city for organic vegan food of the same quality), and that all decisions, talk about what to do with the food, [redacted] etc was all in Danish, and despite the fact that I was the only person who'd been working making food

there all the time while she was the boss, I was always overlooked, not consulted or ignored when decisions about the kitchen were being made, since I don't speak fluent Danish, despite on a number of occasions having to take charge of all kitchen responsibilities when she'd been sick or had decided she couldn't go to work because of [redacted] her child. It was also supposedly a problem that I was tired and worn out

most Mondays in January since I'd been away every weekend doing shows & recording in Germany, Sweden & Denmark, and that (as she put it) I had more dedication to my music and my life outside [redacted] of work than she did, which I agreed with and said that yes, that was true, but I still loved the job and really liked working there.

She seemed to be hinting that I should take less hours, which there was no way I could afford to do, so I said fine, I won't take time off and I won't be late again, and we decided to talk about it again in a month if it was still a problem. I asked if there was any problem with my work, the food I made, not working hard enough or anything, and she said no, my work was good, there were often compliments about my food, etc. So I thought, okay, that was weird, but I won't take any more days off or be late, and the matter went [redacted] out of my head.

Then on Friday the boss (I'll just refer to her as M for ease of reference) asks 15 minutes before I'm finished for the day whether we can have a meeting. I didn't really want to stay late, I had things to do, but I said yeah, fine, we can do that. But [redacted] this time she wants to talk to me alone (unlike the meeting the previous month when the other 2 kitchen workers were present). Okay, what's this all about? She'd

seemed quite unfriendly and tense, stressed all week, was this something to do with me? So she said that yeah, we'd decided to discuss the work situation again after a month. She thought there was still a problem. I was confused -I hadn't taken any time off, yes, that was good she said, and I'd been on time every day, that was good too, and that my food was

really nice. But that I was working too slow. Sorry, what?!? First thing I'd ever heard about this. [redacted] I disagreed; I said that how when we needed to work fast I worked fast, and when we weren't in a hurry I was more easy-going. Anyone who'd worked or spent time in that kitchen would know this to be true, and I often worked my fucking

ass [redacted] and got extremely stressed from the job when it was hectic and we were behind or whatever. I said how [redacted] for the first number of months it had seemed we needed to work faster, but since then we'd gotten used to the rhythm, to working together, we'd gotten extra hours to hire an extra person for 2 hours each day, and that it now seemed like we had

a lot more time to spend making nicer [redacted] salads, doing special things for the sandwich bar, and just generally not being so hectic. I explained how I hate being at work searching for something to do and not being busy, and since recently the main dishes had been finished sooner and had gotten simpler (often to do with the extra hours we'd gotten being

spent on preparation for the following day's main dish), that I was often left feeling like I was searching for things to do, and instead of that would rather put extra time into doing a longer, more complex marinade, cutting herbs or crushing nuts extra fine, spending longer on dressings,

etc. Since she'd began to make all the menu decisions and so on, this was in fact one of the only interesting and creative parts of the job left to me. She said that this meant that she had to work faster all the time (despite the fact that the food was now ALWAYS ready in good time,

unless the rice had been put to boil too late or something like that) and that I was making her more stressed by not working fast enough. She said that there was always more work that needed doing -cleaning, preparation

for the following week. I didn't see it like that and said so, and had no indication that she thought I should work any differently. In fact I by this stage often ended up having to go "Eh, M, what should I do?" since everything was done early.

I was confused that this was a whole new set of problems than what we'd talked about the previous month, and I said that too. This was combined with the fact that of the month we'd just worked, the second week of it was a school holiday during which we were all off, and most of which I'd spent extremely sick with a virus, exhausted and with a fever, coughing

up my lungs and the most ill I'd been in about 3 years, even having to cancel gigs in England since I was so fucking sick. I hadn't gotten better by the end of the holiday, because of which I had to take another week off work (unpaid) and stay warm and rested at home to recover. And so then, the end of the first week I'm back following this illness, still not

completely recovered, needing to go to the bathroom a lot to cough horrible shit up out of my lungs and quite exhausted the first few days (which I'd told to M), well then I'm told I'm being fired fired 'cos I don't work fast enough. This shit reeked so bad of someone looking for an excuse to fire me because they either just didn't like me, maybe had

a personality clash with me or had some personal stress at home or something, I don't have a clue, and just wanted to work with someone else. Man, I was so fucking shocked. She said that she'd talked to the school principle, and had found out that it was her decision to make, and that I could either work there for another month or else quit and get 2 weeks pay. I said that there was no way that I could continue to work there now. I asked her was I being fired and she said that she "supposed you

could call it that". It ended awkwardly and I left, shell-shocked as fuck, I've just been fired, fuck. Fuck. My plans are fucked. It's so hard to get a bearable job without speaking fluent Danish. How am I going to pay my rent. My plans for saving and travel are fucked. I owe people money. I've just moved into a new apartment ($\frac{1}{2}$ day before

this) since I couldn't stand or afford the place I'd been living, and was now faced with the prospect of paying double rent with no income because of a rule in the place I'd been living that you had to give 3 months notice before moving out. I was unable to get social welfare because of being a foreigner, and could have my residence permit and work visa revoked if I tried to. I'd just gotten a very small wage because of the (unpaid) school holiday and (unpaid) sick leave the

previous month. Christ I wished I'd joined a union, but I was stupid enough to think it was unnecessary, since we were all friends, punks, anarchists working together. I was so angry, remembering how M at the start of the school year in August had complained about people thinking she was in charge, that she was the boss, that they didn't

understand the lack of hierarchy and that we were anarchists and that we all (supposedly) made the decisions, orders, menus etc together. All year she seemed to act steadily more & more like a boss, but what could I do about it? And then she does that without consulting any of the rest of us working there about it or with a single word of warning to me. The month before when we had the meeting where she first

expressed discontent with me being late & taking time off, she said that the rest of us should say if we had any problems with each other. I told her that it made me uncomfortable and that I didn't like it when she acted really stressed and angry, stretching unnecessarily across me, or banging things around and making noise etc when she was annoyed,

and that it was impossible to figure out whether it was because she was pissed at one of us, or pissed because of students misusing the kitchen as we often had problems with, or because she'd had stress getting her child out to school before work, etc -all various reasons why she'd acted like this at times, and something I found very intimidating. She said she was sorry, it was something she was aware of and tried not to do and she'd try and explain it more in the future. I also said that it

made me sometimes feel alienated that all the conversation was in Danish, the radio on in Danish, and so on, and it would be nice if people could try and remember that, since they all speak fluent English. Not once in the following month (in fact only 2 weeks, because of the holiday & my sickness) did she tell me that there was any problem with me. Not once did I have any indication that she thought I was

working too slow and making her stressed. What a pile of selfish fucking bullshit. So I left work, bought a bottle of vodka, went to a bar when I finished it, loudly insulted people, acted like an asshole, tried to get in fights, and generally reacted in what I'd say is an entirely natural way to be being treated the way M treated me.

I'm no longer surprised by how poorly human scum can treat each other, even when they're punks, anarchists or "right-on" people in general, but it's still really fucking disappointing, saddening, sometimes quite fucking shocking, and it hurts like fuck.

I'm used to being fucked over by cops, authority figures and "normal people" in everyday life, but when it happens from a source you don't expect it from, when someone wields their power over you with such a total selfish lack of regard for you & your life, well it makes me feel pretty fuckin wretched. Fuck The World.

If you think this is bitter, yes it's fucking bitter, I'm bitter and disillusioned as fuck about this. I think it's totally fucked. My whole future plans have been thrown up in the air without a single indication that anything like this was going to happen, and yes I'm bitter as fuck. Why bother writing this? Because people are fucking scum, and it fucking hurts to have what little trust you have in peoples' decency

and kindness pissed on, and I fucking resent this woman for making me hate the human race just a little bit more -I don't want to be bitter, I don't want to distrust everybody, I don't want to feel alienated, even when I'm supposed to be safe. I'm bitter because it fucking sucks to have people walk all over you because all they care about is their own selfish lives and they don't give a fuck about your problems. I'm sick of always giving in, of forgiving, of turning the other cheek, and saying "No no, it's fine, don't worry about it, it doesn't matter, it's no big deal, I don't mind".

DOOMTOWN

Q: BRIEF HISTORY, MEMBERS, RELEASES, TOURS, PREVIOUS & CURRENT BANDS?

ASS: DOOMTOWN STARTED CA 2 YEARS AGO WITH THE OPPA ON DRUMS, NEUBERT ON THE GUITAR, INSELMANN ON THE BASS AND ME, ASS ON THE GUITAR. WE DID 5 TOURS SO FAR WHICH BROUGHT US TO DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AROUND EUROPE (MACEDONIA, GREECE, FINLAND, ETC). LUCKILY WE FOUND A LABEL THAT RELEASED OUR FIRST 12" CALLED "FOREVER FUCKED". AT THE MOMENT I ALSO PLAY GUITAR FOR THE NOW DENIAL AND SING FOR IDIOTS RULE!

INSELMANN: YES, THAT'S THE STORY SO FAR. NOTHING REALLY SPECIAL. OH GOD, TOO MANY BANDS TO NAME. GO FIGURE OUT FOR YOURSELF!

Q: IS THE NAME SPECIFICALLY TAKEN FROM THE WIPERS SONG? OR IS IT JUST INCIDENTAL, OR A MIX OF BOTH?

INSELMANN: THAT'S TRUE SO IT'S A MIXTURE OF BOTH. THE WIPERS WERE A GREAT BAND AND THE SONG "DOOMTOWN" IS FANTASTIC. ALSO, MOST OF US THINK THEY'RE LIVING IN A DOOMTOWN. SO THE NAME FITTED.

ASS: OPPA LIKES DOOM SO WE HAD TO FIND A NAME AS EQUALLY HEAVY! WE ALSO LIKE THE WIPERS.

Q: THE LYRICS SEEM ALMOST COMPLETELY PESSIMISTIC & BITTER TOWARDS THE HUMAN RACE AND AUTHORITIES THAT CONTROL THEM. . . WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE FUTURE? DO YOU FEEL THERE'S ANY HOPE? ANY POINT IN RESISTANCE? IN YES, THAN HOW?

INSELMANN: EVERY DAY SOME ASSHOLE IS TRYING TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO! IF YOU SKATE DOWN THE STREET SOME FUCKING COP STOPS YOU, OR COMMERCIALS OR YOUR BOSS, OR WHATEVER. YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. WHO LIKES BEING TOLD WHAT TO DO? STILL WE CONTINUE TO DO WHAT WE'RE TOLD, NOT JUST WITH THESE EXAMPLES BUT ALSO ON A BIGGER SCALE. IT SEEMS THAT MAN WILL ALWAYS NEED SOMEONE OR SOMETHING THAT SAYS "DO THIS OR DO THAT" OR "YOU NEED THIS OR YOU KNOW THAT". I DON'T SEE AN END OR AN END OF THIS. I THINK ALL OF THIS WILL NEVER STOP. YOU CAN JUST DECIDE FOR YOURSELF HOW FREE YOU WANT TO BE, TO A CERTAIN DEGREE OF COURSE. I DON'T LIKE BEING TOLD WHAT TO DO. AND MOST PEOPLE DON'T LIKE IT EITHER BUT SOMEHOW THEY ACT LIKE FUCKING LAPDOGS SOMETIMES.

Q: "WHO THEN?", EXPRESSES QUITE A DISILLUSIONMENT WITH PUNK & THE PUNK SCENE AS A MEANS OF REBELLION. IS THIS JUST A SOCIAL CLUB WITH PROVOCATIVE RHETORIC, OR DO YOU STILL FIND MEANING IN THE SUPPOSED REBELLIOUS NATURE OF PUNKS?

INSELMANN: I THINK IT'S GETTING LESS & LESS. I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND IN PUNK SINCE THE BEGINNING BUT A FRIEND OF MINE WHO'S IN HIS EARLY FORTIES TOLD ME SOME THINGS ABOUT HOW IT USED TO BE BACK IN THE DAY. AND IT SOUNDED WAY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT'S GOING ON WITH PUNK THESE DAYS. HE SAW THE DEAD KENNEDYS WHEN THEY FIRST CAME TO EUROPE AND WHEN THEY PLAYED ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. NO-ONE HAD HEARD THAT KIND OF SHIT HERE BEFORE AND EVERYONE WENT NUTS, BROKE WINDOWS, SMASHED CARS

AND KICKED OFF TOILETS. THE COPS CAME AND THE RESULT WAS A RIOT. WHAT I MEAN BY THIS IS THAT NOTHING'S SHOCKING ANYMORE AND THAT EVERYTHING SEEMS TO GET LESS AND LESS PUNK. IT'S ALL TOO SAFE. WHEN WE WROTE THAT SONG NO-ONE I COULD RELATE TO WAS LIVING IN MY CITY. EVERYONE WAS JUST DOWN FOR SHOPPING, GETTING THE LATEST SHIT AND GETTING LESS AND LESS PISSED. THAT'S WHY I ASKED "WHERE ARE ALL THE FUCKING PUNKS" AT THE END OF THE SONG.

ASS: FOR ME PUNK NEVER HAD RULES. YOU CAN BE WHATEVER YOU WANT---BUT MAYBE PEOPLE/PUNKS SHOULD THINK ABOUT THE SUPERFICIAL IMAGE OF PUNK. I SEE A LOT OF PUNX ACTING MORE REACTIONARY THAN MY PARENTS.

Q: I WAS SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTED WHEN I REALISED THAT THE LP WAS EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE TAPE, JUST ON VINYL, SINCE I WAS EXPECTING NEW MATERIAL. HOW COME THE TAPE CAME OUT SO LONG BEFORE THE 12"? WAS IT ALWAYS THE PLAN THAT IT WOULD FIRST BE A TAPE, THEN A RECORD?

ASS: WE RELEASED THE TAPE BECAUSE WE'D NO RECORD OUT BEFORE OUR GREECE/BALKANS TOUR LAST YEAR, SO WE THOUGHT, "WE'VE JUST RECORDED, SO WHY NOT DO A TAPE FOR THE TOUR? OUR FRIEND CHRISTOPH DID MAYBE 300 TAPES SO SOME PEOPLE HEARD THE RECORD BEFORE."

INSELMANN: HE DID 300. BUT ALSO, MORE PEOPLE IN SOUTH EAST GERMANY ARE INTO TAPES BECAUSE THEY CAN AFFORD IT. SO WE HAD THE TAPE AND IT TOOK A WHILE TO GET THE LP OUT.

Q: WHAT SORT OF THINGS PISS YOU OFF ABOUT THE DIY PUNK SCENE? WHAT KEEPS YOU INVOLVED AND INTERESTED?

INSELMANN: THE THINGS THAT PISS ME OFF? I GUESS THAT'S MOSTLY THE LACK OF HUMOUR, THE RULES, INTOLERANCE... AT SOME PLACES KIDS GET KICKED OUT WHEN THEY'RE WEARING THE WRONG SHIRTS... AND WELL, THERE'S NO DANGER ANYMORE. IT'S TOO HARMLESS.

INSELMANN: THAT'S TRUE AND I ESPECIALLY SEE IT HERE. MAYBE BECAUSE I LIVE HERE BUT... HERE IT SEEMS THAT EVERYTHING PUNK ROCK IS ABOUT IS RIDING YOUR FUCKING BIKE, LISTENING TO ELECTRO MUSIC AND HAVING DISCUSSIONS...

ASS: I'M PISSED ABOUT SCENE POLITICS AND LARGE EGOS. BUT I CAN STILL DIG A GOOD DIY SHOW, LISTENING TO BAD MUSIC, MEETING FRIENDS, DRINKING, SMOKING, TALKING CRAP... GREAT!

Q: WHAT'S THE PUNK SCENE LIKE WHERE YOU LIVE?

ASS: I LIVE IN BIELEFELD. THE LOCAL SCENE SUCKS. WE HAVE A GREAT PLACE CALLED AJZ BUT NOT A LOT OF YOUNG KIDS ARE INTERESTED IN PUNK HERE. THEY RATHER GO TO A MN HIP-HOP BATTLE OR THE CLEAN HARDCORE/PUNK SHOWS SOMEWHERE ELSE.

Q: WHY DO YOU SING IN ENGLISH? WAS THIS A CONSCIOUS DECISIONS, OR JUST WHAT FELT RIGHT?

INSELMANN: TO SING IN YOUR NATIVE TONGUE IS TOTALLY COOL BUT IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED ENOUGH FOR US. CA BHFUL MO BROGA?

"Queers with Molotovs".

Something which I've been thinking about a lot over the past couple of years is queer politics & ideas of non-conventional sexuality. It's an issue which has been becoming more and more prevalent in the punk environment and there are a number of aspects to it that REALLY piss me off, in Copenhagen especially.

The point at which these things started to piss me off was sometime after a bunch of people here started doing a café once a week in Ungdomshuset (Copenhagen's autonomous centre) called "Queers with Molotovs".

I initially had the impression that it was supposed to be open to all & thought it was really cool, a way to get people to think and talk about their sexuality more. My conception of it was that it had a focus on discouraging and increasing awareness of heterosexism (according to my understanding of it), the idea that we live in a heterosexual world, with many aspects of everyday life promoting a heterosexual lifestyle, thus suppressing any non-heterosexual ideas of sexuality, with most people never giving it a second thought) and also on promoting a stronger and more diverse Queer scene around Ungdomshuset, unified with the general punk and autonomist scene as much as it could be.

Now, I very much see the need for & positive aspects of seperatism and what it allows people to achieve in themselves & others, and it's a valuable tool to groups who wish to find the space to emancipate themselves from the oppression of racism, patriarchy, heterosexism, religion, and so on. But to me, the point is with a view towards coming to a place where what is learned & regained can be brought back and put into practice with confidence, rather than as an end in & of itself. If this is not the case, it seems more like an elitist social club, and Ungdomshuset is a place for EVERYONE, not exclusivist cliques, and if that's what's sought, go somewhere else.

However, right from the start, and very much so after only a few weeks into it, there was a highly antagonistic angle taken, with a number of (especially the younger) people involved in it seeming to revel in the exclusive, seperatist aspects to it. For instance, large signs & slogans with posters & flyers stating things such as "Gay, Lesbian, Bi, Trans, Bi-curious, Wanna-Bes ONLY!!", "NO HETERO ALLOWED", and with various talk in negative terms about "heteros". I talked to various friends involved, and each seemed to have different ideas on what it meant and should be. Gradually it seemed the more moderate members were pushed out or just got pissed off & left, and the group became ~~more~~ more polarised to the seperatist, ~~anti~~-hetero side of things.

A number of gay & queer friends invited me to go, knowing that I'm bisexual. The first 2 or 3 times I wasn't able to make it cos of band practise and other prior commitments, but I was very curious and interested in going there & meeting people. When the aspects I've just described started to emerge, however, I felt pretty intimidated and didn't really feel like going when it came down to it. Over the following few months a distinct victim-mentality seemed to permeate the group, which certain of them seemed to do everything to promote. Often this was just a few who made people so uncomfortable (and there were many other positive and constructive people involved, but I guess not so outspoken). On one

occasion a particualrly kind, gentle & sensitive female friend of mine, DEFINITELY not heterosexually-minded, was asked to leave by a gay boy because her mere presence made him uncomfortable. Another time a male friend (again, someone a far cry from the typical "hetero") was refused to be allowed buy a cup of coffee because he was thought to be too "hetero".

or not queer enough or whatever. It seemed to emerge as common practise for people to be asked "what they are" (as in gay, bi, lezzer, whatever) at the queer events in Ungdomshuset. Fuck, pisses me off SO much, but I'm going to come back to that later on in the zine, so I'll move along before I start ranting...

From before the Q.w.M. café started I'd been in an open relationship with a girl who was living at the trailerpark here with us (before it got evicted) and was very into gender issues & queer politics. She was on good terms and friends with lots of the people involved in the queer scene, gender-politics and Q.w.M. here in Copenhagen and mostly hung out with/went out with girls. After we'd been together for 3 or 4 months we went and spent a week on a little island off Denmark/Sweden where her mum lives. When we came back she

went to a women-only party at a friend's apartment, where people started getting shitty with her and giving her a hard time about being with me. "So did you have a nice little family holiday", "how's your BOYfriend", etc Basically just various snide shit questioning her devotion to queerness and dissing her for being with a guy. I thought this was hilarious, really sad and pathetic of course, but just so ridiculous that all I could really do was laugh (clearly they were just jealous because of not having penises). Just one of a number of stupid episodes leading to her disillusionment with & alienation from the queer scene in Copenhagen.

I had the impression all along, and still do, that a lot of these people didn't quite know what to make of me or how to classify me, and thus weren't so easily able to dismiss me as they did other anarcho-punks and crusties, I guess because I was with this queer girl, had been kissing before with an active an influential gayboy "scenester", and ~~wrote~~ wrote about gender & sexuality shit in my zine & had been studying it here at University. I didn't feel accented, but not entirely mistrusted or

dismissed either. I guess a lot of it had to do with the fact that I don't explicitly identify or advertise myself as bisexual or queer. If asked about it or it comes up in conversation then I've no problem saying so, but it's not something I particularly define myself around. Why not? I don't know, it's something I've thought about a lot, in the same way as I wonder about people who so explicitly and antagonistically define themselves

as gay or queer, in how they act, dress, look, speak. Basically I came to the conclusion that I just like being a punk and that's what comes first in my life, with my sexuality being a natural extension of those kind of "punk" ideas on how things should be, and the same goes for them, only that their sexuality comes first. And that's cool, it's just the way it is and doesn't intrinsically mean anything one way or the other. I don't care how anybody chooses to identify themselves, as long as it's not in a way that explicitly discounts & oppresses others.

I don't actually really think of myself as bisexual, I'm just... sexual. I'm friends with both men & women, I'm attracted to both men & women, I kiss & have sex with both men & women, and so what about it? I've always been generally more attracted to [REDACTED] women in a purely physical, and the boys I'm usually very attracted to have very much to do with their personalities before their looks. Sometimes I don't experience much attraction to boys for a while, other times I just desperately want

some hot fucking cock ;) I can't explain why it's like this for me, probably something to do with growing up in a Catholic country and going to all boys-only schools (unfortunately no rumpy-pumpy in the locker-rooms I'm sorry to report). Anyway, I've always felt weird calling myself bisexual since I always felt there was a lot more to it than just that.

With both boys & girls I've often experienced very unconventional attractions, [REDACTED] Often an attraction grows out of how cool I think they are, usually with an idea that they're somewhat sexually attractive to me for one reason or another. When I began to read a lot of texts about gender, sexuality & queer identity, I got really into the general concept of queerness as identifying yourself as what you're NOT, rather than what you ARE. I don't really know what I think about a lot of issues of sexuality,

and it's only in the past few years & months that I've begun to discover how much fun there is to be had & how much fulfillment there is to be found in non-monogamy, sex with more than one person at a time, shit involving pain, etc. There's a lot of stuff to be explored that's generally quite taboo, and it would be a hell of a lot easier, more rewarding & more interesting to have lots of different people to talk to this about,

especially people of other non-heterosexual persuasions, since I reckon I could, for instance, have good conversations about these things with people who have no sexual interest in me nor I in them (lesbians, for instance). So this is why I was interested in & excited about the Q.W.M. café, as a way to discuss & explore these ideas with people of a (hopefully) similar mindset & viewpoint as my own, and as such, why I was so disappointed with it turning out like it did.

Albeit an extreme version of it, I think this sort of behaviour is a strong example of a sort of "ghetto of privilege" which I've become aware of over the past 2 years of living in Copenhagen. A lot of people here seem content to isolate themselves in groups with their peers and sit in their apartments grumbling about their assumptions of others, often people with 90% of things in common with them in terms of how they think things ought to be. This seems to be very much the case with the group of queer people involved in Ungdomshuset, and also to a certain extent many of the other people involved there that they've been coming into conflict with. There was an incident a few months ago in which a boy

from a certain well-known K-Town band was at a show in Ungdomshuset, and attempted to get the attention of a transsexual person working behind the bar by shouting "Hej tøssedreng!" at them ("tøssedreng" basically means "girly-boy" or "sissy-boy"). About half an hour after the incident a member of the door crew approached the guy and told him he had to leave, and was banned from the house. A few weeks later he had to come to the Monday Meeting (weekly meeting where Ungdomshuset's business and happenings are discussed & decided upon by consensus) to account for his actions and apologise. This mainly consisted of him being attacked by a large group of the queer clique, having to apologise repeatedly, over & over, and generally made to look as foolish as possible.

Of course I think that Ungdomshuset should be a place where people are able to express themselves freely & safely without fear of being insulted or intimidated. But to many people, a boy in a dress is simply a boy in a dress, and thought-processes do not change overnight, and furthermore what's not understood with this example is that it was simply a random insult. No-one can deny the boy in question's history of & enjoyment of insulting people, and had it been someone else at the bar he would have been saying something else. Personally I would think that the

way to deal with this would be to tell the guy in question to shut the fuck up and apologise or else he'd be kicked out, rather than to use it to push forward a political agenda. I personally don't consider what he said to be particularly insulting, it would be different if he called him a filthy homo or something, but then again it's not me who was insulted and that's just my opinion. Dealing with it in the way it was dealt with merely exacerbates the situation and polarises people to opposite sides of the issue.

Around the same time, SLAMM (the weekly activist newsletter on what's going on in Copenhagen from a lefty point of view) seemed to go for months at a time with some sort of piece or reply to pieces on heterosexism or criticism of Ungdomshuset's heterosexist mentality. Rather than creating awareness and seeking to transcend heterosexism, these pieces for the most part seemed unnecessarily exaggerated, antagonistic and succeeded only blowing things out of proportion between people who mostly agree on issues. The result was a tide of ridiculous reactionary bullshit from both sides, and many Monday Meetings completely dominated by discussions on heterosexism, etc. A couple of months later there was another

A couple of months later there was a Queers-Only party at Ungdomshuset where another stupid incident occurred. The party was strictly no-hetero-allowed, with the exception of 3 girls who were cooking to prepare for a big childrens party going on the following afternoon, and who had explained this and had it OK-ed at the previous Monday Meeting by the queer party organisers. So when they were finished they were having a beer in the kitchen before they went home, and a group of girls from the party came down and asked them "what they were". I think some responded that they were bisexual and others refused to define themselves. They were told

that they either had to join the party upstairs or leave. It was fairly clear that this incident was in reaction to how one of the 3 had recently insulted a gay boy who's quite active in Ungdomshuset, calling him something like a "pre-pubescent idiot". So, the incident went to the Monday Meeting. The queer group refused to account for themselves and collectively boycotted the Monday Meeting after the incident (this sort of "how dare you question us" behaviour is all too typical). When they

came to the following weeks Meeting, they made a statement that they'd decided that the girl who'd insulted the guy was guilty of using male tactics of domination and oppression, and therefore they were revoking her status as a woman and she was now actually male, in fact. No, I'm serious, I couldn't make this shit up if I wanted to. Are they going to enforce her into wearing a strap-on and false moustache or to have an operation or something!?

It's this kind of cliquey power-politics & bullshit which really pisses me off about the activist scene in this city. People will say all the right things, not use the forbidden words, conduct their meetings and group decision-making by perfect anarchist consensus, but still completely manipulate the situation to get their own way. This can be in the form of saying unnecessary or just plain mean shit under the guise

of stating an opinion, "having my say" or freedom of speech. It seems that things & people are branded as sexist, heterosexist, male-dominated etc as a fail-safe, infallible, untouchable way of preventing disagreement or discussion (I see this as much the same as when I had an arguement with and was called racist by a black girl who was acting like a dickhead on a bus in London (the best bit was after I'd gotten off the bus and she shouted "dreadlocks are for black people!" at me out the window).

(original black-&-white version got ruined
with spilt ink here)

[It seems to me that alongside these incidents, a lot of the younger people active in organising queer-related stuff in the house] together with some older people active in the queer-scene began to come to the Monday Meetings with a sort of common agenda, all saying the same thing, which had clearly been discussed & decided on in private before the meeting, and which they all followed as a sort of "party-line". Obviously this just further widened the chasm between "the queers" and "the heteros" and added to the "us vs them" mentality on both sides, with anyone moderate in the discussions understandably unable to put up with the bullshit any longer and stopping to attend the meetings.

I mentioned earlier how I've come to see many things here in Copenhagen as a result & indicator of these "ghettos of privilege", people choose to partake in. When I first came here I was surprised and delighted by the number of young people involved in & dedicated to various anarcho-punk type activities & issues. However, over the following

two years I saw many of these people change almost overnight, people active in Ungdomshuset & others who go to a fee-paying libertarian high-school I used to work at. Often these teenagers would be highly active and very strict in a P.C.-sense (and very outspoken about it), but a few months later would have shed their dreadlocks/piercings/black clothes or whatever and moved on to whatever the new exciting or interesting issue-du-jour, trend or fashion they were discovering. So whereas this meant shwoing total dedication to doing work in Ungdomshuset,

fighting nazis, planning demos & getting arrested etc while they were an anarcho punk, it takes on different forms of proving your dedication to your peers when the individual in question goes on to whatever scene they get into next. This to me partly explains the extreme radicalism and antagonistic nature of many of the younger people involved in the queer-scene in K-Town, together with the fact of being teenagers, trying to figure shit out for themselves and naturally very ~~skunk~~aunch in their convictions.

I've just had no experience of this sort of thing in Ireland. When someone's been around for about 5 years, maybe they're not new anymore, and nobody seems to go around trying to prove how radical & dedicated they

are. Here I've repeatedly heard young people refer to things as having happened "ages ago" or a "really long time ago" only to find out that they mean 1 or 2 years ago. Danish society and fashions and ease of life here seems to contribute to this situation where people step in and out of cliques & scenes just as easily as they change their clothes and haircut, and match their politics to it, and it seems to have the effect of merely creating these safe little ghettos. So, instead of

encouraging openness & communication, these exclusive & elitist cliques instead push people away and ~~create~~ create ridiculous conflicts, with the only positive aspect being that it makes the few members of the particular group (crusties, anti-P.C. punks, radical lesbian feminists, non-punk anarchists, queers, etc) feel special & more closely knit in opposition to a common enemy (often everyone except themselves). This

at the same time allows the development of a ~~real~~ really naïve arrogance in their own beliefs, whether it's the use of certain words, how one's behaviour might be belittling & harmful towards others a knee-jerk anti reaction to anything involving drugs, a fanatical view on animal exploitation, or just not being able to conceive that you might be wrong and you don't actually know everything. Personally,

I've ended up with my interest in queer-scene related shit highly ~~dis~~ discouraged, and become 10 times less P.C. than I used to be when I lived in Ireland, simply because of getting so pissed off various shitheads' blind privilege. I've turned into a reactionary little bastard and I don't particularly like it, but it's hard not to do any different when faced so often with these idiotic "holier-than-thou" attitudes.

It's the easiest thing in the world and immensely enjoyable to piss off self-righteous fools, but in fact nothing good comes out of it. So what seems to happen with people here is that they get involved and adhere to the rules for a while, the people who are doing it from the heart stick around and become ~~bitter~~ bitter & cynical, reactionary and gossipy, and the others move on, looking down on their former friends ~~for~~ for being idealistic and "not growing up" or whatever.

For a fine example of one of the type of things which I see as a symptom & part of this whole shitty state of affairs, try shouting "bitch" or "cunt" loudly at a show in Ungdomshuset or many other places in Scandinavia. These are 2 "banned" words that are ~~forbidden~~ to be used by radical types. This was something I struggled with and found stupid right from when I came here. I got into a conversation ~~with~~ about it with a female friend & found out how there's no ~~sneaking~~ verb for the word "bitch" in Danish, that it's only a noun. This means that there's no such thing as "acting bitchy" or "being a

bitch", there's only the statement that someone is a bitch, and it's only used as a specifically ~~an~~ negative & insulting term for a woman, instead of as an ungendered descriptive term. The same goes for the term "cunt". You can't say that someone's a cunt or acting like a cunt (regardless of whether they're male or female) or else you're sexist. You can't even refer to female genitalia as the cunt. You say these words around people and they get this self-righteous haughty look on their faces and ~~nicely~~ "explain" to you why you're not allowed to, refusing to see:

a) how they're imposing ~~an~~ meaning from their own language on other peoples' speech, and

b) how villainising and reacting to words in such a way merely gives power to such words and gives people a stick to beat them with by forbidding the use of them.

I've actually been hit by a couple of girls for using these words -good work ladies, keep up the struggle. I know what I think about women, and though, just like men, many of them are dickheads, using a word like bitch doesn't mean I universally hate women, look down on them, or have anything in general against them, just as using the word dickhead or cock doesn't mean I have anything against ~~mean~~ mean, etc.

Copenhagen -get over yourself.

THIS IS A VERY DECENT NEW IRISH ZINE DONE BY A SOUND YOUNG LAD I HAD THE DISTINGUISHED PLEASURE OF MEETING (INDEED) WHEN I WAS THERE LAST CHRISTMAS. IN THIS ISSUE THERE'S SOME GOOD INTERVIEWS WITH APOSTLES (NOISE FROM DUBLIN), FUNERAL DINER, WOLF EYES (U.S. NOISE) AND NUCLEAR DEATH TERROR. WHAT MAKES THIS STAND OUT FOR ME IS THE PERSONAL WRITINGS, WELL-WRITTEN ACCOUNTS OF PERSONAL REACTIONS TO SHITTY AND DIFFICULT SITUATIONS. THERE'S ONE PIECE ABOUT CIARAN'S ANXIETIES AND EXCITEMENT ABOUT GROWING UP AND MOVING AWAY FROM HOME, ANOTHER ABOUT ANIMAL RIGHTS, BUT THE MOST INTERESTING AND BEST PIECE IS ABOUT A REALLY FUCKED UP EPISODE IN THE AUTHOR'S LIFE WHERE HE RECENTLY WAS ALMOST EXPelled FROM HIS RIGHT-WING CATHOLIC SCHOOL, WHICH IS A REALLY GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE FUCKED-UP RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY WHICH EXISTS IN IRELAND. IT'S SOMETHING WHICH SEEMED REALLY HUMILIATING AND NOT EASY TO WRITE ABOUT, I'D LOVE TO QUOTE FROM IT BUT IF I STARTED I'D JUST HAVE TO TYPE OUT THE WHOLE THING, & ANYWAY YOU SHOULD JUST CHECK IT OUT FOR YOURSELF. THERE'S ALSO SOME ZINE REVIEWS AND OTHER BITS AND PIECES, ONLY CRITICISM I HAVE IS THAT THE LAY-OUT DOESN'T FOR ME MATCH THE QUALITY OF THE CONTENT AND COULD DO WITH A BIT MORE DETAIL AND LESS COMPUTER PIXELISATION. BUT HOPEFULLY THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE ISSUES OF ~~ZINE~~ THIS TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HAVE A NEW OPINION ciaran.macke(a)gmail.com

THE STRANGE & FABULOUS LIFE OF A DUBLIN SHITPIECE, A4, 18pgs.

THIS IS A VERY ENJOYABLE ZINE MADE UP OF A HALF DOZEN OR SO SHORT STORIES OF A HUMOUROUS AND/OR WEIRD NATURE FROM THE DUBLIN SHITPIECE. HAUNTINGS PUNK HOUSES, FIGHTS, THE PIGS AND A HEARTY DOSE OF WANKERY IS THE MAIN FOCUS HERE, ALL BROUGHT OFF NICELY WITH TONNES OF WEIRD ARTWORK, STRANGE SINISTER PERVERSHIT THAT'S KIND OF CUTE ASWELL, VERY ORIGINAL BUT WITH MORE THAN A HINT OF NICK BLINKO AND THAT MAD CUNT (MIKE SOMETHING?) WHO DID THE FUCKED UP IRON MONKEY COVER ARTWORK. ONLY THINGS I WOULD SAY ARE THAT I RECKON IT WOULD LOOK BETTER AT A5 & WITH SOME VARIATION IN THE TYPE FONTS, AND THAT I DEFO WOULDN'T COMPLAIN IF IT WAS LONGER. FUNNY SHIT. 11 ORCHARD TERRACE, GRANGEGORMAN UPPER, PHIBSBORO, D7, EIRE

DO YOU EVER NOTICE THE SOCIAL GROUPINGS PEOPLE CONGREGATE IN? I'M AT WORK (I CURRENTLY WORK IN A NIGHTCLUB AS "OVER-CHECKER", BASICALLY KEEPING THE BAR SUPPLIED, COLLECTING & CLEANING GLASSES, CHANGING THE KEGSY, GETTING ICE, ETC) AND IT'S A REALLY SLOW NIGHT, SO THERE'S NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT GET STONED AND SIT AROUND DOING THE ODD BIT OF WORK, DRINKING SODAS AND OBSERVING PEOPLE. LYXTEKXGROMEX

LITTLE GROUPS OF 2-4 PEOPLE COME TO THE BAR ALL THE TIME, AND IN GENERAL, CAN BE GROUPED ACCORDING TO LOOKS & ATTRACTIVENESS (CONVENTIONAL "MAINSTREAM" TV-SHOW ATTRACTIVENESS I MEAN). MOST PEOPLE SEEM TO BE FRIENDS WITH PEOPLE OF SIMILAR PHYSICAL LOOKS & ATTRACTIVENESS. UGLIES WITH THE UGLIES AND SEXIES WITH THE SEXIES... PRETTY FUNNY. WHY IS THIS? HOW IS THIS? IT'S OF COURSE NOT "THE RULE", 100% FOR SURE, BUT FOR THE MOST PART IT HOLDS TRUE, ESPECIALLY WITH THE GIRLS (AND YES, I AM LOOKING AT THE BOYS TOO, SMARTARSE!) IS IT SOME PRIMAL BIOLOGICAL URGE, A WAY THAT NATURE TRIES TO MATCH THINGS UP? OR IS IT A CASE OF PEOPLE UNCONSCIOUSLY CHOOSING THEIR FRIENDS BASED ON HOW THEY "RANK" IN THE GENERAL POPULATION? JUST THE BORED WANDERINGS OF A STONED MIND, OR A NOTABLE SOCIAL PHENOMENON? FUCK KNOWS. I DON'T NOTICE IN THE PUNK SCENE SO MUCH, BUT IT'S STILL THERE, AND I GUESS I SEE IT MORE IN GROUPS OF GIRLS HERE TOO. LOOK AROUND, SEE IF YOU NOTICE ANYTHING.

WHY BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN PEOPLE

-annoying & stupid books can be ignored, put down or burnt. it's unfortunately not allowed to do this to annoying and stupid people.

-a good book can have amazingly profound influence over people, whilst a good person has only extremely limited influence, and almost always must compromise themselves drastically to have any real influence.

-though a book may surprise & shock you, even contradict itself, a book will always stick to the truth of itself. whereas people all-too-often betray your trust in them, a book will stay true to the solace, kindness & wisdom it has shown you.

-intelligent & worthwhile books exist forever, immortally. the few people in the same category soon get old, die and fade away.

-books don't get embarrassed and ~~make~~ make you feel weird when they make you laugh or cry.

-books that implore you to lead a better life in one way or another are picked up & interacted-with according to your own wishes. people who try to do the same (even when well-meaning but ultimately naive & arrogant) are usually impossible to shut-up or ignore.

-when books lie to you, they can't pretend later on that they didn't or deny what they earlier said.

AND JUST SO THAT YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T 100% GIVEN UP ON THE HUMAN RACE JUST YET (THERE'S ONE OR TWO OF YOU THAT I STILL THINK ARE OKAY):

-books don't love you back.

-it takes people to write all those great books. actually i take that one back, if everyone else was wiped out right now and left me with all the tofu and books, there'd still be more than enough books for me me me to read until i die, so piss off.



MARTYRÖD

Give me a brief history of the band...

Micke: Ok, I bought my first proper electric guitar sometime in March 2001, despite of lacking technical ability I became obsessed with playing Swedish hardcore. I had been

playing bass before with Jens in various projects but with Martyröd it was really something different, we had a clear artistic vision from the start. We soon found Axel and

then Dawa and the first line up was complete. Back then we were all living in Stockholm and we had some chaos days together, played shows and recorded what ended up on our first 12". Even if we had a solid concept

musicwise, the organization of Martyröd was always very loose and chaotic but I think our irresponsible lifestyles did contribute to the sound of despair in some way. After

awhile Dawa turned so much into black metal he actually drifted away from Swedish hardcore. I think he first wanted to change the musical direction from Cimex

to Mayhem or something. I never understood that at all. When I moved to Gothenburg Pontus joined in on second guitar Axel followed and we lived together all three for a while. Late 2004

we became concerned that Axel was barely not present at all and we had studiotime booked. One month before the recording he departed from the band, moved back to Stockholm and

joined VÄLD. Per from Acursed took his place and we recorded In Extremis in Studio Fredman. With In Extremis we finally got closer to the sound we hungered for but it also turned out to be a quite bombastic and a more melodic version of Martyröd. At the moment we are working hard on new material and once again we have found a new approach to our style. We are pushing

ourselves for brutality this time around and the new stuff is harder, sharper, darker and probably a little less easy accessible than before. We are going back to our roots kängpunk från helvetet sverige.

Where have you been playing outside of Sweden? How did you feel these places differed from each other in terms of playing there as a DIY punk band? How did you think the UK compared to Mainland Europe?

Micke: We toured the U.K with Flyblown in early 2005. We had a great 5 day drunk and really enjoyed playing such places as Bristol (The Junction is an awesome bar with really cool crowd), Boston, Leeds, London etc were all nice then.

Sometimes I think there is a silly prestige thing going on in the punkscene when you are almost expected to be able to lose money or at least not show

any interest in getting paid which might work if you are privileged/not depending on any income but if you for example

have a kid/s to support at home and have to turn down steady jobs to tour that sort of lackluster idealism collides

with reality and quickly becomes the class enemy. We need to see things from a workingclass perspective. A lot of people appearantly afford to have

hardcore punk as an expensive hobby and that's fine I guess but people need to step down from their pedestals and realize that in this shitty

postindustrial capitalist society that's a privilege and unfortunately not everyone can afford to play along with non

profit utopia, sad but true. If organizers think that this has anything to do with rockstardom then FUCK OFF! I can kick their

arses and they might realize one thing or two about class struggle..

Per: I have not played Europe with Martyröd yet but I have been there with other bands and I can say its pretty much the same in terms of stages and

approach from organizers... For example German beer is better than English beer (I'm gonna get killed for saying that), hehe. The problem is always to get paid enough to make it even

financially... To me personally I don't care about money at all but as a band it's not funny losing money all the time. I always have a good time anyway.

Pontus: In the UK you mostly play at smaller pubs and you don't get any free beer.

Mainland Europe you usually play squats and get crates of beer and nice food. Audiencewise I

think it's pretty much the same though. I have had great times in both places. Thanks to all the people who have set up gigs for us everywhere.

Was the new album expensive to record? Did Havoc pay for it or how did you work it all out? How did it come about that Havoc put it out, anyway?

Micke: Felix contacted us some years ago after he heard our first recording. When I went to the U.S. to tour with Skitsystem

in '04 I finally got to meet him and I was really impressed by his D.I.Y. work ethic. He is the real Mc Coy and trustworthy so after touring with him for one



month it felt really good to end up on his label with Martyrdöd. Yes he paid us studiobudget plus masteringcosts which were

necessary for us. We got a good deal with Studio Fredman so it wasn't really that expensive plus we don't really fuck around in the studio. We try to record

as much as possible live to get the right nerve feeling to it. I would also like to take the opportunity to thank

Jakob/Plaguebearer for releasing our first recording which has been very important to us. Unfortunately Impregnate Noise Laboratories from Czech ripped

him off for the cassette version of In Extremis. But now we don't feel so bad anymore for letting alcohol abuse waste our set at Bohdans festival.

metalheads diggin that I'm not aware off. I don't hear metal when I write songs and metal is definitely not the core influence of Martyrdöd. I just follow my gut feeling and play

what comes out. As you probably can hear we don't care anything about being technical at all. It's more interesting for us to write songs that speaks to us how simplistic and formulaic it

might be. I just want to capture the borderline feelings of pain/ecstasy I feel inside. We try to play primitive but we still want a huge sound when we record, call it "stadiumcrust"

or whatever but we like it. It's true we are very guitarbased, tune down and likes it heavy but I still think the metal reference that people often use

for Martyrdöd is quite overrated. It's not that I don't like metal, I do. But my favorite metal bands are often the ones that are fairly

reminiscent of punk in some way. **Per:** To be honest there has been no particular interest from metal heads. That was not the

affect we wanted either. In my mind we did a punk record the way we wanted it to sound. It's all Käng and the riffs are based in true "Bombanfall"-manner,

hehe! I believe we chose to record it in Fredman studio because the material needed that kind of touch to come out fully.

Have you received much/any interest from metal audiences? It's a pretty metal sound to these ears.

Micke: As far as I'm concerned 99% of the interest in Martyrdöd has come from the punk/hc scene, maybe there are some more

Pontus: I don't get metalvibes from Martyrdöd. Martyrdöd have recorded in metal studios, but if you play the songs on an acoustic guitar you can tell they are not really metal at all. It's all about the songs and the tone.

What do you find to be the biggest problems with the DIY punk scene? And what are the best aspects for you?

Micke: The best aspect that I can see for us is to be able to do things with friends and people we like and respect, just being free, have control and not

being screwed by majorlabel scum. Shit differs from different scenes, places and people. Of course there are problems and ignorance (rip-

offs, intolerance etc.) in the D.I.Y. punkscene because people are still people, but it's better to believe in the positive aspects and contribute yourself before you whine about it.

Per: As I said it's always a problem moneywise. The line between D.I.Y. ethics and "making money" is sometimes vague. To be a D.I.Y. band does not mean that you play for free,

ending up to pay for your own gig. Some people seems to misunderstand this. Most of these people who moans about it does not play in bands and have never toured.

Pontus: Micke touched on one problem in question number two.

The best part with the DIY punk scene is the communication, friendship and dedication. And also kickass music.

Any particular reason why ABC was the beneficiary from the first record?

Micke: We felt unworthy of any potential profit from releasing our demo on vinyl. Haha no seriously our original bass player Axel was active in ABC.

It guess it felt right at the time as there were lots of good people who were jailed. There are of course more efficient ways to make change than to

release benefit punk albums. Of course it's cool with benefit projects as long as it doesn't feels like charity, you know like the borgouise scum who just want's to look good and pay lip service to important issues.



What sort of themes do your lyrics detail?

Micke: Oh shit. It's better to ask this question to the straight bands who writes lyrics

that are like leaflets. When we started we wrote rather juvenile lyrics, almost like teen anxiety or really naive political stuff.

Our lyrics still deals with some typical "punktopics" but more from a disturbed outsiders point of view: We are not interested in preaching to the converted

but rather drawing nasty images, it's just ugly reality and some fantasy. Sometimes I find myself

more personal but often just hateful. The core message of Martyrdöd will always be non

conformist, anti society and punk terrorist but it doesn't always have to be so goddamn

obvious, use your imagination. Nowadays I feel we are beyond all rescue anyway so I don't really feel to whine how sorry sad and anguished we are

anymore, that's just trendy I think. I just hope that our next album SEKT will be a mindblowing experience for all parts.

Top 5 Swedish bands ever? What kind of shit are you listening to at the moment?



Micke: Only five? Are you kidding me ;) This is Sweden right: Anticimex, Bombanfall, Totalitär, Missbrukskarna, Oral, Moderat likvidation,

Skitslickers, Asocial, No Security, G-anx, Counterblast, Warcollapse, Wolfpack, Driller killer, Disfear, Acursed, Kontrovers, Skitkids,

Motorbreath etc. This is only some of the good punk/hc related bands, thinking of all great Swedish music the list is near endless.

Per: Anticimex - Country of sweden, Totalitär - all except "Vänd dig inte om", Skitslickers

- Spräckta snutskallar, Crude-ss - Discography, Skitkids- all to date!! Fucking excellent band and people! At the moment and

always it's japanese stuff that rule my stereo. Mighty Disclose and Framtid. I listen to a lot of different music, Jazz and French stuff like Birgitte Bardot and France Gall... but mostly heavy distorted stuff.

people who are dear to me, listen to music, enjoy the nice weather, drink, and walk through the mental wastelands of the hangover power.

What's the punk scene like where you're from?

Micke: The thing is with Sweden it's nice but not very exciting. We have such repressive laws

against squatting so we have no real squats or movement at all and that's the biggest reason why the punksene is quite lame

in general. Gothenburg is alright though, we have two nice venues Truckstop Alaska and

Underjorden! Lots of good friends, drinking brothers and sisters who likes to hang out and fuck shit up. Up the drunks!

Pontus: I second that. Cheers and thanks for the interview!

Micke: I try to spend much time with my son Aske, I also work, mostly as a substitute teacher. Other than that it's the usual

punkroutine, crazy fucked up daily life.

Per: I'm on allowance from the social insurance company and has been for a year now. It gives me time and freedom to do things

that are important to me like reading and take long walks in the forests.. My mental health is not the best so I just can't live a working mans life!

Pontus: I actually just worked my second day at the Gothenburg University. Handing out mail, photocopying and stuff like that.. Half-time luckily, so I still have time to hang out with



OUR SOCIETY, WHAT A DRAG

You know what makes me fuckin sick?

It often happens when I'm in a public place (waiting at the post office, on the bus, walking down the street) that young kids with their parents stare unashamedly at me, I guess because of my hair/clothes/piercings/tattoos.

This I don't mind at all; though it might make me slightly uncomfortable, that's my problem, curiosity is perfectly natural and yes, I look far more interesting than all the other boring everyday cunts.

My problem is the suspicious stares & worried clutching at the precious little offspring by the doting parent which is provoked whenever I smile at them or interact. I'm a friendly person most of the time and will usually smile or

make funny faces or whatever at cheeky kids, say hi or smile at people staring at me on the street, in a cheeky way and I suppose to provoke them in some way or whatever, but basically I'm not into being an oh-so-tragic intense surly misfit bullshit wanker unless I'm in a bad mood or feeling down and can't actually help it.

But these idiot fussing mothers & dumb over-protective fathers are so often so terrified that they clutch at their kids in desperation and prevent them interacting. So now I always feel weird about interacting or playing with kids. I get the feeling that they're worried I'll molest their kid or that I'm smiling

because of some fucked-up disgusting sexual interest in the child. So I'm left with a lot of discomfort when kids stare and smile at me, because I'm worried that people WILL think I've got some kind of sexual interest in the child, because I

look like a weirdo and I'm male, or whatever. How fucking sick is that? Can't even fuckin play with a kid in case people think I'm a fuckin paedo. I hope you ladies appreciate not having to deal with this kind

of sick shit (and don't dare get upity with me if you think that you do & that I'm a big sexist bastard, all the girls I've talked to about this tell me that the idea has never even entered their head, so if it does for you, uhh, well then I guess you're probably a paedo).

WOT A FUCKIN DRAG.

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD No.5

THANKS FOR READING, HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT.

NEXT ISSUE WILL HAVE INTERVIEWS WITH A BUNCH OF COPENHAGN BANDS & THE BOLT THROWER INTERVIEW THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS ISSUE, WHICH IS ACTUALLY THE BEST INTERVIEW I'VE EVER DONE (THEY MOSTLY TALK ABOUT WARHAMMER, DISCHARGE, SACRILEGE AND HOW MUCH THEY HATE RECORD LABELS AND PREFER TO DO EVERYTHING THEMSELVES - FUCKIN RIGHT!).

ALSO I SUPPOSE THERE'LL PROBABLY BE A LOT OF ME COMPLAINING & ABOUT SHIT THAT PISSES ME OFF.

THIS IS ALL WRITTEN BY ME.

MOST BACKGROUNDS ARE BY BERNIE WAINWRIGHT.

THANKS TO EOIN, DONAL & ANJI FOR HELP WITH THE CUTTIN & THE PASTIN.

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE GO AND DO YOUR OWN ZINE AND COMPLAIN ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU'D LIKE TOX TO BE DIFFERENT.

THE TWO THINGS I HATE THE MOST AT THIS POINT IN TIME:

- HEROIN.

- PUNKS. (!??) TELLING PEOPLE WHAT TO DO.

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS
THE POISONED FOOD No.5

BTH, c/o CORMY,
45 BEECH HILL DRIVE,
DONNYBROOK, D4,
IRELAND.

razethestray(a)hotmail.com

**REUNK
KISST
DESTROY**